

The scent of

oleander

**Poems by c
dean**

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Preface

Creativity that great mystery originality

what may that be a new way to see

fromst where inspiration fromst books or

fertile company or drugs elation or high on

ecstasy were the muse commeth for me in

the zone fromst lacquer prints the path was

shown images fromst pictures of the

floating world inspirations fromst

inspirations with the brevity and

suggestions fromst only of these only

impressions of originality yet

stirred not √ fromst the languid

indifference of √ ast √ sipping oleander

scented vanilla pink cream

thought √

**fromst the dropping shit of larks on
the wing phosphorescing tinsel-like
circles of circles in circles of orange
fire rippling o'er the surface of a
pastel pink water silk pond stirred
not ♪ fromst the languid indifference
of ♪ ast ♪ sipping pink vanilla
cream soaked with oleander petals
gazed at an orange sun like an
impasto eye dabbed on the lilac sky
like a glittering brocatel thru the
misty fumes of pink wafting fromst
the breath of ♪ looked ♪ beyond the**

**crystalline Primum Mobil into the
caelum ipsum beyond the void beyond
time along the curve of a rainbow
walked ♪ singing in my rhyme with
the rhythms of the words of ♪
measured by the stop of my breaths
halibments of beauty the words of ♪
flowed into the breezes that kissed
the fields of oleander that caresses
the flesh of ♪ the world all color
all imaginations all illusions or the
real or the real all illusions ast
sayeth Goethe**

“...there is no truth nothing truly
 existent for you except what your
 fertile mind gives”

**o'er all like water color wash light
 sweet as amaranthine velvets the
 scents as soft as nectar satins
 the auricular movements of the
 tongue of J agitating the air like
 ripples upon silk till as sayeth**

Mark Twain

“Nothing exists; all is a dream.
 God—man—the world—the sun, the
 moon, the wilderness of stars—a
 dream, all a dream; they have no
 existence. Nothing exists save
 empty space—and you!... And you
 are not you—you have no body, no
 blood, no bones, you are but a
 thought”

**the tongues tip of ♪ coated in
 powdered saffron in words paints
 lemon tinted lilies and full throated
 lilac all like coated in frost and
 iridescent pink snow a reredos upon**

**the alter of the sky that all living
things like ♪ too to turned to look
to too like us two too to be
dizzily dazzlingly intoxicated be
upon the strange change of the
weavings of assonance and
consonance into tapestries of
mellifluous umbrageous sounds that
melted into jeweled Moreauesque
purple waves of aural textures
across a Monetesque landscape of
shifting hues to my view of tinctures
of light variations of colors shades**

**and shadows plays o'er rippling
movements of air that wear the
changing vista of light everywhere
painted scenes of light a landscape
the thickness of the shadow a
spiders web o'er which verses are
of √ curlicues writ in the pinkish
fumes of oleander soaked in pastel
pink vanilla cream that ran off the
tongues tip of √ to form into water
sculpted verses in which flashed
fires of pinkish hue in rhythms with
the breathing stops of √ that dropped**

**thru the saffron tinted sunlight like
colored flowers glittering like leaves
tumbling o'er and o'er in oleander
scented breezes that like on lacquer
prints in pictures of the floating
world caught the light
on
cunts lips glowing like spun gold
open spread like long-sleeved dresses
of old**

**oh how their colors melted like wax
into the golden sun light colored like
ripe corn**

**to flutter open wide revealing flesh
like the pink linings of girlie fresh
underwear with the glow of serrated
autumns maple leafs**

**oh in that clear moon of her cunts
hole ♪ wast bold to write in the
dazzle of moonlight fromst
remembrance of ♪ sweet memories
of she the poems of ♪ but oh the
light of that moon-like cunt didst**

**blindest ♪ that instead upon the
 cunts lips pink of she ♪ wrote ♪
 poems of ♪ in the ink of the sighs of
 ♪**

**the light is pink against the golden
 sky**

**pink against oleander blooms wet
 with the sighs of ♪**

**the cunt hole like a pool of limpid
 pink**

**mirroring the cunts lips like heaped
 petals of chrysanthemums**

upon the cunts lips cunny dew

shines iridescent pink

oh but in that cunts hole the

liquidity shines like the tears of ♪

whenst ♪ gaze under thy cunts lips

pink shimmering o'er thy cunts limpid

pool

dressed ♪ in pastel pink

embroidered with lilac

chrysanthemums

it be not upon thy luculent hole that

do gaze ♪ but gaze ♪ upon the

picture painted by 𐄂 with the sighs
 of 𐄂 upon the cunts lips of thine
 ast look 𐄂 upon the curved arch of
 thy cunts lips like Chinese bridges
 see 𐄂 𐄂 floating like colored
 flowers upon the pink waters of thy
 cunts hole
 under thy cunts lips lushest of
 blooms
 shadows lay
 but oh all is hidden in pink mist
 and still lay they

pink pond under cunts lips like

cherry-trees petals pink

but

oh

no reflection of ♪ in the whole wide

liquidity

the cunts hole be edged with pink

lips the tint of chrysanthemums

drops one drip of cunny dew the hole

becomes a fire with golden circles of

circles o'er the limpid liquidity

at the cunts pink lips saw √
butterfly wings pink lacquered
spotted with dew white reaching √
swiftly fromst √ didst they hide
they
wrapped up fromst the sight of √
within the porcelain pink cunts lips
of she hear √ the rippling of light
upon the cunts hole limpidity
but
oh

those twin lambent lips like twin
gibbous moons have cut the heart of

♪ too into two

oh if ♪ couldst catch the fluttering

pink lips of thy cunt like pink

butterfly wings wouldst then ♪

couldst write my love in cursive

script upon that luminous flesh with

the ripe kisses of ♪

brighter than fireflies o'er the cunt

hole of ♪ oh lover are be the words

of ♪ to thee

alone when ♪ oh lover the breeze in
the trees remind ♪ of the rippling
waves o'er the liquidity of thy cunts
hole fromst the sighs of ♪
stirred not ♪ fromst the languid
indifference of ♪ ast ♪ sipping
oleander scented vanilla pink cream
thought ♪
the cunt hole of she
a shining moon on high
be

the cunt hole of thee like pond

covered o'er with pink mist

the e tears of ♪ didst flow like

frozen light to splash at the feet of

♪ into a million lights like diamonds

bright

thy cunts lips float like burning

leaves in thy cunts pink limpid hole

tingling notes hear ♪

fromst those fluttering lips

tintinnabulations in pink mist

**♪ all night in the memories of ♪ ♪
watch thy cunts lips pink petals fall
into thy cunts limpid hole
even now in the pink mist that
surround the luculent moon do see ♪
them fall like petals frosted along
their edge by moonlight
an old man thinking of those cunts of
my youth
ast pink sleeves of girlies like pink
cunts lips flutter in the wind**

**kohl'in al-deen the great poet of
olden times didst write these
words**

“oh time that destroys eats away the
days swallows the night up into the
abysses the void time that slayer of all
things thee deprives | of all those
cunts all those pulpy fleshy fruity
cunts all those furling curling lips that
hang like half moons like crescent
moon like veils of pink glowing flesh

that cloak the shes thighs white like
curtains hanging in perfumed scented
summer breezes that | could dive into
those purple shadowed folds more
purple than winebearers wine filled
bowls that | couldst swim 'neath those
cunny waters and have the wavelets of
those lips kiss the flesh of | that |
couldst kiss those pulpy lips that pout
like flowers within those watery
opaline depths”

then reflected ♪ upon these
incandescent words the glory of the
cunts of all the shes forgot should
not be in the old age of peace in
inspirations glow have ♪ writ these
words of all the cunts that be the
model for me

once in midsummers sultry heat
a sultan didst cause the cunts in the
seraglio of he be covered with pink
silk that so crowned wouldst cool
his flesh fromst the cunts lips that
flickered like golden flames

**being thirsty kissed ♪ the cunts
pink hole but behold the face of ♪
upon the limpid aqueousness like a
dropped petal pink
weary the scholar ♪ of erecting
towers of fragile philosophies
went ♪ to brothels to see ribald
pornographies oh in seeing the fires
bursting fromst girlies cunnies didst
♪ myself hurl into those cunts
holes and beginst to be alive**

**even the clit at the end of its tip
taketh ♪ into my mouth even down
to its root**

**just like man forever longing to
swallow**

**a man wise watching the light
flickering ripples o'er the face of the
cunts liquidity**

remarked

**oh how like fireflies that slowly
move in pink mist**

**stirred not ♪ fromst the languid
 indifference of ♪ ast ♪ sipping
 oleander scented vanilla pink cream**

thought ♪

**at Matsue be a cunt like the
 camellia tree with beauty great
 with cunts lips pink ast vanilla
 cream splashed with hues of cerise
 whenst the night didst o'er lay the
 earth in a black cloak of velvet
 perfumes sweet fromst the cunts
 hole of limpidity spread o'er thru
 gardens paths and all the surrounds**

**odors soft ast silk threads
awakening people in the houses
gloom who didst see in garden bright
in moonlight the cunts petals
fluttering against shoji pressed o'er
many night the cunts its scent sent
thru garden and rooms gloom till
people to the cunts petals sped to
pick each velvet curl of pinkish light
fromst which spouted forth odors of
exquisite delight till each petals wast
fromst the cunt wast torn to leave a**

**cunt hole bear that quivered like an
open wound**

**painted ♪ a picture of thy cunt upon
the kite of ♪ and upon the blooms
of chrysanthemums didst hang
whenst loose ♪ its string to fly up
to heavens sky
people cowed will be for fear that
like a storms cloud it will flood the
land in its sweet cunnies limpidity
in hast fromst the boat of ♪ coming
didst see ♪ thee in mirror at thy**

cunt looking thy face mirrored in the
cunt holes aqueous liquidity
following the falling leaves the white
snows of winter o'er all coat in
frost
therefore upon thy cunts lips thy
face puts √ in an intaglio of frost
even thy cunts lips bend when upon it
alights a butterfly
is it upon thy cunts hole limpidity
that cause the aqueousness to ripple
like a maple leaf or dragonfly or but
the sighs of the breaths of √

**peached o'er thy cunts hole abyss
a butterfly fluttering its wings
o'er the plastered walls pink dart the
shadows of thy cunts pink lips like
shafts of fire blood-red tipped
the tinglings of thy cunts lips at
night
intermittent
like the temples bells
the cunt wore a crown of petals pink
clit like some pinkish spear glittering
tipped
a glowing flower lantern**

when awoke ♪
o'er the lips of ♪ in intaglio thy
cunts shadow
o'er the cunt hole
still the butterfly flies
the dripping fromst thy cunts hole be
like pattering of feet in the flower
garden
so soon wilt thee with me be
fromst the porphyry rim of thy cunts
hole have drunk ♪ to thy health

**the golden bells along thy cunts lips
edge be polished fromst the lickings**

of ♪

looking in thy mirroring cunts hole at

the face of ♪ saw ♪ the face of thee

in thee eyes of thee mirroring me

whenst the cunts lips of thee glow

red like leaves of the cassia-tree in

autumn

then thy moon-like cunts hole

limpidity flows more brightly for ♪

shouldst tremble ♪ at the dew
 falling fromst the cunts dewy lips
 dislodged by the tongue of ♪
 but did not know ♪
 that at night they fly upwards and
 upon the slopes of the Honourable
 Mountain spread themselves like
 fireflies
 Diagonally between the
 cryptomerias
 what took ♪ to be just the flapping
 of thy cunts lips be instead thy cunts

lips flapping in rhythm with the
beatings of thy heart for ♪
oh my lord
under panties white like cream
butterfly wings cunts lips furled of
Geisha in procession pass in front
of the silk panty shop of
Matsuzaka-ya
on the floor of the empty palanquin
cunny juice pink like plume-petals
constantly spreads
along the Nihon Embankment to
thee coming

**darkened was the road suddenly
by the fluttering of thy cunts lips
throwing shadows across the moon
a rainbow is what oh ♪ have seen in
its shape colors duplicated in
the butterfly wings of thy cunts
curved slices frosted in pink
whenst hear ♪ thy runners shouting
“get down” “get down”
thenst do ♪ dress the cunts lips of
♪ with the petals of chrysanthemum
what fell upon the open panty of ♪
but**

**the shadow of the wings of the
butterfly cunts lips of ♪
it be not the bright light in thy eyes
that dazzle the eyes of ♪
but
the bright outline of the lips pink of
thy cunt floating upon the shoji
the reprobate kohl'in al-deen
fucked a thousand cunts
a thousand poems one for each
composed he
for**

**all were worthy of memories
preservation
being no wind the perfume of thy
cunt
in the air hung along time
and its shape be the shape of thy
cunt
my beloved
draw in the air
before thee depart for
the morning mist be pink with thy
cunts fumes
oh wind blow softly**

**let no clouds be the moon covering
that its silver light lights the
fluttering cunts lips of thee
since upon the back of one man a
kago canst be carried
let the other free be to gaze upon the
cunts lips of she like slice of
crescent moons flickering
drawn about the flying moon
no moon in the sky there be
but
with each step of ♪ in the sand like
a moon thy cunt hole grows**

captivated be ☺ that the rain ☺
 forgot against the lantern beating
 partially covered by the cloak of ☺
 the cunts lips to-day in agitated
 frenzy be
 for flown to morrow they will be
 many miles across the sea
 oh in politics we were pursuing
 liberty
 now we villains and robbers be
 caged for days how this place to exit
 be

oh upon the memories of the cunts
lips of all our shes our minds soar
free here be true liberty the mind in
memories flight and ecstasy
because the moonlight o'er thy cunts
lips frosts the edges in a deceptive
pink haze
♪ love it therefore

The moon and stars be in the sky
♪ In the garden of ♪ yellow moths
with wings colored like the cunts
lips of ♪ flutter about the that be

**the cunt of ♪ like a pink
chrysanthemum**

**Although so many years hast
passed**

Yet

**The ineffable palpitates quivering in
the ripples within thy aqueous eyes**

Yet

**The numinous shimmers upon thy
trembling lips**

Yet

**stirred not √ fromst the languid
indifference of √ ast √ sipping
oleander scented vanilla pink cream**

thought √ for

ast sayeth √ antier

“when the earth falls to dust in space
like a withered walnut our works wont
even be a speck among the rest”

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